

THE
Perjur'd Husband :

OR,
The Adventures of *Venice*.

A
TRAGEDY.

As 'twas Acted at the *Theatre*
Royal in Drury-Lane,

By His Majesty's Servants.

Written by *S. Carroll.*

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Bennet Banbury*, at the *Blue Anchor* in the *New*
Exchange in the Strand. 1700.

THE HISTORY OF

THE REFORMATION OF ENGLAND

TRAGEDY

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE SWAN

THEATRE IN LONDON

BY HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS

Written by J. B. P.

LONDON

Printed for James Bland, at the Swan Theatre, in the Strand

To His Grace
WRIOTHESLY,
Duke of Bedford.

May it please your Grace,

Tis the just Prerogative of true Greatness to be universally admir'd by all ; and one so Eminently possess'd of it as your Grace, can no more escape the Tribute of our Praise and Admiration, than you can cease to deserve it ; not that 'tis in the power of any one, or even the Applause of Multitudes, to reach half your Merit, yet may we be allow'd, according to the proportion of our poor stock, to throw in our Mite ; and not be frightened from the hopes of your Grace's Patronage, by considering the unworthiness of the Offering ; for were none but worthy Offerings made, the Gods themselves wou'd lose their Sacrifice ; and they that deserve most our Praise shou'd have it least, because 'tis hardest to give them their due.

And 'tis impossible, my Lord, this Poem shou'd find Sanctuary any where but in the umbrage of your favour, for the Eyes of all Mankind are so fixt upon your Grace, that 'twou'd be a disappointment to the publick to lay at any others door, what is so much your due. And tho I hit not a *Wildair* for

The Epistle Dedicatory.

the humour of the Town in my Play, I may boldly say I have copied the greatest part of mankind in the Just Admiration of your Grace.

Your particular Art, in appearing Free, Complaisant and Conversible, without quitting a Noble Greatness proper to your self, makes us at once approach you with Freedom and with Awe: Your Goodness, that makes you stoop to your Inferiours, loses nothing by being view'd near at hand, but is the more admir'd for it; and thus we consider your Grace arriv'd at the height of Greatness, without a mortifying reflection on the lowness of our own condition; nor does the world envy the truly Great, who by their Goodness and Affability make Mankind partake of their Felicity.

I may plead Prescription in excuse of this presumption, and tell how Poets in all ages have pretended a Right to lay their Works at some Nobleman's feet; but I'd rather submit to your Grace's Goodness; for if I have offended, 'tis a fault of the best kind, and proceeds from too much Zeal to let the World know how much I am,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most Obedient and

Devoted Humble Servant,

and Whore

Susanna Carroll.

TO THE READER.

I Should not trouble my Reader with a Preface, if Mr Collier had taught Manners to Masks, Sense to Beaux, and Good Nature to Criticks, as well as Morality to the Stage; the first are sure to envy what they can't equal, and condemn what they don't understand; the Beaux usually take a greater liberty with our sex than they would with their own, because there's no fear of drawing a Duel upon their hands; the latter are a sort of rude spleenatick Men, that seldom commend any thing but what they have had a hand in. These Snarling Sparks would pleas'd to carp at one or two Expressions, which were spoken in an *Aside* by one of the Inferiour Characters in the Drama; and without considering the Reputation of the persons in whose mouths the language is put, condemn it strait for loose and obscene: Now (with submission to better Judges) I cannot believe that a Prayer-Book should be put into the hands of a woman, whose Innate Vertue won't secure her Reputation; nor is it reasonable to expect a person, whose Inclinations are always forming projects to the dishonour of her Husband, should deliver her Commands to her Confidant in the words of a Psalm. I heartily wish that those that find fault with the liberty of my style, would be pleas'd to set a Pattern to the Town, by retrenching some of their Debaucheries, for Modesty thrives best by Example. Modest Language from the truly Vertuous is expected, I mean such as will neither afflict, nor suffer ill to be acted: It is not enough that Lucy says she's honest, in having denied the Brutal part; who ever thinks Vertue centers in that, has a wrong notion of it; no, Vertue is a tender Plant, which cannot live in tainted ground; Vertue is what the air of Flattery cannot blast, nor the vile sordid dross of Gain poison; and she that can withstand these two shocks may be stil'd truly vertuous. I ask my Reader's pardon for my bluntness, but I hope none of my Sex so qualified will condemn me for exposing the Vices of the seeming Religious.

I fear there is but too many hit by the Character of Signora Pizalta; I wish for the sake of the reverse party there were fewer, or they better known, since the malicious world are so apt to judge of peoples Inclinations by the company they keep: which is sometimes Authentick, but not always an Infallible Rule. I shall say little in Justification of the Play, only desire the Reader to judge impartially, and not condemn it by the shortness of its Life, since the season of the year we're promis'd much better success. It went off with general Applause; and 'tis the opinion of some of our best Judges, that it only wanted the Addition of good Actors, and a full Town, to have brought me a sixth night, there having been worse Plays within this twelve-month approv'd of.

P R O-

THE
PROLOGUE.

By a Gentleman.

Spoken by Mrs Oldfield.

Such dreadful Laws of late 'gainst wit are made;
It dares not in the City show its head.
No place is safe, each Cuckold turns Informer,
If we make merry——it must be in a corner.
And here's to night what doubly makes it sweet,
A private Table, and a Ladys treat:
At her reflections none can be uneasy,
When the kind Creature does her best to please ye.
Humbly she sues, and 'tis not for your Glory
T'insult a Lady——when she falls before ye
But since no humane Wit can stand the Test,
With Gorman! and the Champion of the West!
She'll fill the Lists, and then you cannot slight her,
(With honour safe) for she's a Fair Inviter.
Expect no favour, but at honour's call,
Defy's the boldest Britton of you all;
Whate'er's her fate, she's sure to gain the Field,
For Women always Conquer when they yeild.

EPI

EPILOGUE.

By Mr B—.

Spoken by Mr Jo. Haines.

TOo long the Poets brought before the Bar,
Have with their bold Accuser wag'd the War;
They now plead Guilty: And confess the Stage
Has been immoral, and debauch'd the Age.
Nay, They will mend—— But wish that in their station,
All Men were pleas'd to forward Reformation.
First, let no Politicians with vain Fears,
About succeeding Kings create new Fears;
Let Lawyers now no more perplex the Laws,
Nor with malicious Quibbles split a Cause;
Let Magistrates consider 'tis but sitting,
That as they take down Bills, they'd put down cheating.
Let our young Heroes, who would be Commanders,
Brag less o're Coffee, and fight more in Flanders.
Let Cheapside Doctors in a frantick Fit,
No more make impious War with sacred Wit;
Let City Wives (but that's too hard a task)
Mimick no more Town-Ladies in a Mask,
Nor from their Prentices the favour ask;
Let no old cast-off Miss assume the Saint,
Let Cowards cease to Huff, and Beauch to Paint;
Let at yond corner House the Wits and Bards,
Gain by Religion, what they lose at Cards;
Let snarling, peevish Criticks cease to bite,
Or in a false sublime dull Plays do write;
Let Galleries no more for Judges sit,
But leave to the bright Boxes, and the Pit,
Their lawful Empire o're immortal Wit,
When all this heavy Task is well perform'd,
We dare engage the Stage shall be reform'd.

Persons

Persons Represented.

M E N.

Count *Bassino*, a *Savoyard*, Married to *Placentia*,
and in Love with *Aurelia*.

Mr *Mills*.

Armando, *Bassino's* Friend.

Mr *Simpson*.

Alonzo, a *Venetian* Gentleman, betrothed to *Aurelia*.

Mr *Thomas*.

Pizalto, a Noble *Venetian*.

Mr *Norris*.

Ludovico, a *French* man.

Mr *Fairbank*.

W O M E N.

Placentia, *Bassino's* Wife.

Mrs *Kent*.

Aurelia, a young *Venetian* Lady, betrothed to

Mrs *Oldfield*.

Alonzo, but in Love with *Bassino*.

Mrs *Baker*.

Florella, her Woman.

Mrs *Moore*.

Lady *Pizalta*, *Pizalto's* Wife.

Mrs *Lucas*.

Lucy, her Woman.

Maskers, Dancers, Singers and Attendants.

S C E N E, *Venice* in *Carnival* time.

THE

THE
Perjur'd Husband.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Curtains fly up, and discover a Mask in Pizalto's House. Pizalto, Lady Pizalta, Lucy; Ludovico talking to Lady Pizalta; Bassino and Aurelia talking together; Florella and other Maskers.

A Spanish Entry.

While the Dance is performing, Enter Armando, and gives Bassino two Letters, which he opens and reads.

Lady Pizalta and Lucy advance to the Front of the Stage.

Lady Piz. O H! Lucy, I'm undone —
That Stranger there has charm'd my Heart: I feel
The Pow'r of conquering Love; quick, quickly tell
What shall I do to ease this racking Passion? (me,

Lucy. Nay, Madam, I fancy your Passion has little occasion for Lenitives: it blazes so violently at first, 'tis like to be soon extinguish'd.

L. Piz. Dear Lucy, don't trifle with me; but contrive, imagine, do any thing, to bless thy Love-sick Mistress with the sight of that dear man. And as an earnest of further Rewards, here take this —

Gives her a Ring.

Lucy. Madam, I receive your Commands with much joy,
But your Present with more —

Aside

I'll try what this projecting brain can do, and if you step into the next Room, I'll soon give you an account of my proceedings. *Exit L. Pizalta.*

Bass. Ye Gods!

What have I done, that you pursue me thus!

B

Why

The Perjur'd Husband.

Why did you e're decree that I should wed
A Wife I now must hate? Why did I see
The bright *Aurelia*? Why am I thus torn
'Twixt Love and Duty? Oh! what Pangs, what Torments
My soul endures! Oh! my *Aurelia*! *Exeunt omnes, but Lucy & Ludov.*
Lucy pulling Ludovico by the Sleeve.

Lucy. Sir, Sir, one word with you.

Lud. Your business —

Lucy. May one ask you a civil question, and be resolv'd?

Lud. Hum — A civil question, sayst thou? What's it, prihee, a
night's lodging? If so, pull off thy Mask, and I'll resolve thee instantly
— But I never strike Bargains in the dark.

Lucy. I don't know, Sir, but it may tend to that, by way of Proxy,
at the long run: But at present my Commission reaches no further than
to know your Lodgings; if any Thing comes on't, I fancy 'twill not
displease you.

Lud. aside. Hum — This is but a Pettifogger in Intrigues I find; —
Egad, I'm like to be pretty well employ'd during the Carnival —
Well, considering I am a stranger here, this hit may be a lucky one,
and the Lady handsome — Egad, I'll fancy her so at least, were't but
for the pleasure of Expectation.

Lucy. What are you studying, Sir? Are you so long resolving whe-
ther you shall accept a Lady's Favour, or no?

Lud. No, faith, Child: I am not over-scrupulous in those matters —
Let her be but Woman, and we shan't disagree — And so thou
mayst tell her — There's a direction for thee.

Throws the Superscription of a Letter and gives it her. Exit Ludovico.

Lucy. Frank and easie, a la mode de Paris — Well, these indifferent
Sparks charm more than all your cringing Pops — Now for my business
— Let me see — I'll to my Lady, she'll write; I'll carry the Letter,
and the Devil will turn Saint, if I don't bring 'em together, and merit
a further Recompence.

By Coupling many have their Fortunes made;

I only want Preferment, not my Trade.

Exit Lucy.

SCENE II.

*The Scene changes to Bassino's Lodgings, and discovers the Count in his Night-
Gown, a Table with Lights, and Letters lying on the Table.*

Bass. All things lye hush in peaceful silence here:
All but *Bassino's* mind — Oh! happy he
Who lives secure and free from Love's Alarms.

But

The Perjur'd Husband.

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But happier far, who, master of himself,
Ranges abroad without that Clog, a Wife.
Oh! rigorous Laws impos'd on free-born Man?
On Man, by bounteous Nature first design'd
The Sovereign Lord of all the Universe?
Why must his generous Passion thus be starv'd,
And be confin'd to one alone?
The Woman, whom Heaven sent as a Relief;
To ease the burden of a Tedious Life,
And be enjoy'd when summon'd by desire,
Is now become the Tyrant of our Fates.
But hold, *Bassino*! whither does thy Passion
Hurry thy wandering Reason? Let this Letter
Recall the Fugitive, and fix thy Senses
On dutious Love——A Wife, so young, so fair,
So excellent; whose Charms not three months since
Did fire thy Soul; a Wife who dotes on Thee;
A Wife to whom thou swore'st eternal love——
By Heaven, I swear again I will be true.
This Thought again restores my peace of mind——
No, charming Wife; no, dear *Placemia*, no,
Thou shalt not beg in vain: I will return: *Kisses the Letter.*
But who comes here——My Friend *Armando*?

Enter Armando.

Arm. Dear friend, I heard
The conflict of your Passion, and my joys
Are now compleat, since Vertue gains the day.
Bas. Yes, dear *Armando*, the conflict is o'er,
And I'm resolv'd to fly to my *Placemia*.
Arm. Cherish that Thought: By Heaven your Resolution
Transports my Soul with joy!
A kind, a verruous Wife waits your Embraces;
A Wife, who like a Turtle mourns the absence
Of her dear Mate. Haste then, my Friend, to drive
That cloud of sorrow which obscures her mind,
And, like the Sun, dispell her gloomy thoughts.
Bas. Thanks for your Counsel——
You like a God support my feeble Vertue.
This very morning I'll prepare for *Turia*,
Where time and absence will deface the image
Of that bewitching Beauty; which now hobbles
My tortur'd mind——Yet, first I'll take my leave

Of this fair Charmer—And Heaven grant
That I may see her unconcern'd—

Arm. My Lord what d' you mean?

Have you well weigh'd the Danger of this Visit?

Bas. What Danger can there be?

Arm. Danger! my Lord—Consider well how feeble
Our Reason is against the pow'r of Beauty—

Bas. My Resolution's firm; no charm can shake it.

Arm. If not her Beauty, fear her Syren Tongue;
Fear her endearing Prayers, her fond Reproaches,
Her tender Sighs, her Vows, her trickling Tears.
Nay—if all these prove vain, fear her Delpair,
A Woman, an abandon'd Womans Rage.

Bas. Were there more Dangers yet, I'll stand 'em all;
My Honour bids me pay this parting Visit:
My Heart shall have no share in what I'll speak.
Trust me this once, and be your self a witness
Bassino can controul unlawful love—

Arm. My Lord, 'tis with Regret I see you go.
May Heaven assist you in this dangerous strife.

Exeunt.

SCENE III

Aurelia's Chamber; She in an Undress with Florella.

Ant. No more of that—Cease thy ungrateful suit,
Alonso is a man I cannot love;
I own he's witty, generous and brave;
Has all the Charms that Nature can bestow
To fire a womans heart—Yet I'm insensible.
His very sight chills all my trembling Spirits;
Therefore, name him no more—I charge thee do not.

Flor. Madam, I've done—Yet shall I be permitted
To ask a question? Are you then resolv'd
Ne're to admit a Passion in your breast?

Ant. Oh! Dear *Florella*, press not a Confession,
Which but too well my Eyes themselves disclose.
Alas! I love—I love to such excess,
That tho I know I'm lov'd again, my mind
Is still perplex'd with doubts and jealous Fears.

Flor. You love and are belov'd! Then sure you reach
The height of humane bliss, and bounteous Heaven

Can

Can scarce give more — But who's the happy man,
Is it not Count *Bassino* ?

Aur. Oh ! Charming Name ; there's Musick in that sound !
Yes, Count *Bassino* is the man I love ;
Canst thou now blame my coldness to *Alonso* ?

Flor. Forgive me, Madam, if I dare presume

To speak my sentiments : I must confess

Bassino is a man of excellent Vertue,

His Education at the Court of *Spain*

Has still refin'd what he receiv'd from Nature ;

His Person too is Charming —

And, what most women court, he has a Title. —

But then consider you are unacquainted

With his Estate, and tho his Equipage

Denotes an ample Fortune, yet we see

Many a stranger here during the Carnival,

Who makes a Figure by industrious Gaming,

As for *Alonso*, he was born at *Venice*,

Of Noble Parents ; his Estate, a large one —

Even from his youth you had his amorous wishes,

And as he grew in years his Love encreas'd :

You lov'd him too — Nay, which is more, your Father

Approv'd your mutual Loves, and at his Death

Bequeath'd you to *Alonso*.

Aur. Oh ! my *Florella*, thou hast rous'd a thought,

Which will for ever break *Aurelia's* rest.

I know my Father's tenderness to me

Made him confirm *Alonso's* Suit, for then

I lov'd *Alonso* —

But were my gentle Father still alive,

I'm sure he would not cross my inclinations.

But, Oh ! name not my Father ; I cannot bear

The sad remembrance of so great a loss.

Weeps.

Flor. But fear you not t' offend his peaceful Ghost,

By breaking with the man he destin'd yours ?

Aur. 'Tis not my fault : and just Heaven must forgive

What Heaven decrees — Yes, 'tis my cruel Stars

That made my heart inconstant to *Alonso*.

'Tis with regret I break my plighted Faith ;

In vain I strive to check my new born Love,

I cannot, cannot live without *Bassino*.

Flor. Madam, I wish your Passion ne're prove fatal,

But much I fear this inauspicious match.

Exit

The Perjur'd Husband.

Enter Bassino, Armada.

Aur. May Heaven avert th' unlucky Combination
Of our presaging Thoughts. For, know I tremble too—
But here's the man that will dispell my fears.

Arm. to Bass. My Lord, remember
To keep your Resolution.

Bass. to Arm. Yes—I will keep it— [*To Aur.* Madam, you will pardon
A morning Visit, when you know what Reasons
Prest me to fix it on this early hour.

By Letters from the Court I was last night
Commanded to return with speed to *Turin*,
And thence set out for *France*, to represent
My Sovereign Leige in solemn Embassy.
This day I must prepare to take my Journey,
Tho 'tis with killing Grief I leave my dear,
My fair *Aurelia*— [*To Arm.* Now, my *Armada*.

Arm. My Lord, 'tis well: But still be on your Guard,
The dreadful shock comes on—

Aur. This day be gone! What means my Lord? Oh! Heaven,
My boding Fears are come to pass: I see
A cloud of woes just ready to overwhelm me.
Is't possible! how can that form divine
Harbour such Treachery! Is then *Bassino* false?
Say, perjurd man, how often did you swear
This happy day should make you mine for ever!
How can you now forget your solemn Vows?
Why have I met with this inhumane usage?

Bass. Madam, my Prince's orders
Are absolute: My Honour is concern'd.

Aur. Must a vain Title be prefer'd to Love?
But no— You never lov'd— 'twas base deceit:
Curst, curst dissembling men! Their flattering tongues
Can feign a Passion that will look like Love,
Till by degrees they get us in their power;
Then with bold impudence they draw the Vizard,
And shew the Cheat that mockt our credulous hopes.
Faithless Bassino,

How oft you swore your Love cou'd ne're expire;
How oft you swore one smile of mine had charms,
Even above the Glories of a Crown:
Those were the Oaths I fondly did believe,
Those words convey'd a Poyson to my Heart,

And

And even now I feel its mighty force:
My Head turns giddy, and my trembling Knees
Betray their sinking Burden —
Alas! I faint, I die —

She faints, Bassino runs and embraces her.

Bass. Oh! stay, my Love, my Life, my Soul, my all:
The conflict's past, and I am thine again.
But she is breathless! Oh! ye rigorous Gods,
Give back her Soul, or let my own be plung'd
To dark Elysium — Oh! my dear Aurelia! *Hugs her.*

Arm. Is this your Resolution? By Heaven I blush
To call you Friend. Your Wife, my Lord, remember
Your Wife —

Bass. Curse on that name —
Urge me no more to follow your Chimera's,
Lest you oblige me to break off that Friendship
You blush to own — Oh! my Aurelia!

Arm. *aside.* How sweet is treacherous Vice! how eagerly
Fond man pursues his Ruine!
All Arguments were vain — yet still one way remains,
Which cannot fail, to stop the progress of this impious love.

His Wife by my Direction comes to Venice:
Her sight will soon awake his slumbering virtue,
At least it will retrieve Aurelia's senses. *Exit Armande.*

Aur. *recovering.* Where am I? where's my Lord, my false Bassino?

Bass. Here, here my Soul, my charming Dear.

Aur. *thrusts him off.* Hold off — Approach me not — urge not my Rage,
Or with this Dagger I'll revenge my wrongs
On thy perfidious Heart — But, Oh! his
Heart's too hard
Even for temper'd Steel — Therefore I'll sheath it here.

*Offers as her breast: Bassino snatches the Dagger, and throws
himself at her feet in a distressed manner.*

Bass. Oh! hold — forbid it, Gods!
I am the cursed Cause, and I must dye.
Oh! who could bear my Load of mortal Woe!
Ye heavenly Powers bestow the stroke of Grace
And rack Bassino: Let your vengeful Thunder
Now crush my guilty head — Or thou, Oh! Parent Earth
Open thy Bosom, and conceal my crime. *Tears the Ground?*

Aur. Is he then mine again! *falls down.*
Look up, my Lord, my Love, my life!

My

My dear *Bassino*! 'Tis *Aurelia* calls.
 Let me for ever fold thee in my Arms,
 And beg thou'lt never speak of parting more.

Embraces him.

Both rise, and embrace in an extasy.

Bass. Oh! never, never——
 The Poles shall meet, the Sun and Moon invert
 Their wonted motion e're I part from thee.
 I fondly try'd how much I was belov'd,
 And since you're true, my Bliss is now compleat.

Aur. Was't but a Tryal? Then my Grievs are vanish'd,
 And I am lost in Joy — *Bassino's* mine! *They embrace again.*

Bass. Thine, thine for ever: And this happy day,
 Shall end *Aurelia's* Fears — Ha——

This day, said I, but where's *Placentia* then?
 My Wife *Placentia*? Little does she think
 What Baseness I intend — Oh! racking thought!
 But, 'tis resolv'd, I'll change nor think no more:
 I'll try to plunge, and reach the blissful Shore;
 And if I sink, yet still this Hope's my Friend,
 I'll snatch my Treasure e're my Course I end.

Aside.

Aur. My Lord, what makes you pause?

Bass. The ravishing thoughts of mighty Joys to come,
 Kept me in Extasy and made me dumb;
 When on thy snowy Breast dissolv'd I lye,
 What Monarch can there be more blest than I?

Bassino leads her off with a languishing air.

Enter Alonzo.

Alon. Sure, if my Eyes deceive me not, I saw
Aurelia with the Count just parting hence.
 Dissolv'd in Love, and languishing they seem'd.
 Damnation——

I cannot bear the thought — I'll after 'em.

Alonzo going. Enter Florella.

Flor. aside. Ha — *Alonzo* here! I must prevent a discovery.

Alon. *Florella* here! she comes opportunely — she may inform me
 of what I yet but fear — Good morrow, *Florella*: How fares my
 Love, my dear *Aurelia*?

Flor. Signior, good morrow; you are an early Visitant.

Alon. Not for a man in Love; but answer me, How does *Aurelia*?

Flor. Well in health — Only she's now and then in a little fit of Melancholy, such as usually proceeds from tumerous doubts about that dreadful state of Matrimony: You know the time draws nigh that gives her to your arms.

Alon.

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Alon. By Heaven ! 'Tis an Age, there's Six days yet to come.

Flor. An Age, indeed, if he knew all.

Aside.

Alon. But haste, *Florella*! lead me to my Dear,
She only can contract that tedious Age
Of lingring pain, and sooth it with her smiles.
Say, is she alone.

Flor. Yes — No —

Oh ! Heaven ! What shall I say ?

Aside.

She's, She's a —

Alon. Ha — What means this faltering answer ?
All's is not right, and my suspicion's true.

Flor. Signior, my Lady is not dress'd, and I shall displease her, in
admitting even you without her leave.

Alon. Ha — not dress'd — Take heed you mock me not.
Nor think to blind me with your feign'd Excuse.
For in your gully Face I read the Truth.

Come, tell me who's with her ? is't not *Bassino* ?

Flor. *Aside.* Oh ! Heaven ! what shall I say ?

Alon. Nay, nay, no Study : Lying will not do :

I saw 'em part from hence, just now I saw 'em.

Harkee, sweet Mistress, how long have you practis'd
This Subtle Trade ? I find you're much improv'd.

Hell and Damnation — quickly, tell me

What did *Bassino* give for his admittance ?

I'll double the Reward — but she's not dress'd for me —

Oh ! damn'd, damn'd Sex !

Flor. Signior, what do you mean ?

Alon. To see *Aurelia* — see her instantly —

Nay, by Heaven ! I will : All opposition's vain :

For by th'avenging power of Love I swear,

Tho' in *Bassino*'s Arms I'll drag her thence,

Only to cast her from my sight for ever :

Nor shall he live to triumph in my shame.

What tho' the Marriage Rites be not perform'd ?

Yet I may call her Wife — Her Father gave her to me :

And her own Vows have fixt my heart in hers.

Must then *Alonzo* be deny'd Admittance,

Under that poor pretence that she's not dress'd ?

Whilest base *Bassino* lies dissolv'd in pleasures

On her perfidious Breast — Oh ! Killing Thought.

She makes my name of Husband infamous

Even before the Priest has joyn'd our Hands.

C

I'll

Ill in, and if th'affront I tamely bear,
May Heaven deny me at my latest Prayer,

Exeunt

SCENE IV. Ludovico's Lodgings.

Ludovico *Solus.*

Lud. Who waits?

Enter Mountaine

Mount. Did you call, Sir?

Lud. *Mountaine*, run to Signiora *Renquilla*, and tell her I have done with her for ever if she does not send this Evening the hundred Ducats she promised to lend me — And Harkee, as you come back acquaint Signiora *Cornara* I shall be busie to morrow, and desire she will put off her visit till another day.

Knocking at the Door

Mount. Sir, there's somebody at the Door.

Lud. See who 'tis.

Mount. Sir, a Gentlewoman desires to speak with you.

Lud. A Gentlewoman! admit her — Well,

'Tis a great Fatigue to oblige the whole Sex.

Enter Lucy.

Oh! what news from your Lady?

Lucy. This will inform you Sir.

Gives him a Letter.

Lud. Reads. Hum, hum, a Letter — *Tho it may seem improper for one of my Sex to make the first steps in an Amour, yet you ought to consider that the rigorous confinements we are under all the Year round, may, in some measure, excuse the Liberties we take during the Carnival. If you have the Courage to meet me, I shall be at four in the afternoon in the Piazza d' Espagna, invisible to all but yourself.* — Well, I believe all Women in Venice are wild for Gallants.

Lucy. Sir, What answer shall I return to my Lady?

Lud. *Aside.* Egad — I am in doubt whether I shall throw my time away on this intrigue or no — Harkee Child, step into the next Chamber, and I'll answer your Message instantly. — *Exit Lucy.*

Let me see — — *[Reads in his Table book]* Monday, at two in the afternoon I am to meet Signiora *Bellezza* at her Nurt's — She's a pretty Rogue, and so I'll go — At three of the Clock Signiora *Dorinda* the Senator's Wife at the Indian house — Pshaw, she's an old acquaintance, — I shan't go — At half an hour past three the Countess *Wrinkle*, who presented me with a Gold-hilted Sword — Silly Fool! Does she think I'll bestow one of my Visits on an old shrivell'd Piece of Antiquity, for a trifling Present, not worth above three-score Pistoles — At a quarter past four, my Semstrefs *Dorothy Steenkirk*, who supplies me with Linnen, — Oh! this Visit may be put off for a new Intrigue — And so Ill acquaint the Messenger.

Exit Ludovico.

The End of the First Act.

A C T.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Chamber in Signior Pizalta's House.

Enter Lady Pizalta, Lucy.

Lady Piz. Did you deliver my Letter to *Ludovico*, Lucy?

Lucy. Madam, I did; I found him in his study reading the Lover's Watch, which he swears does not at all agree with his Constitution. He hates injunctions of Love, like those of Penitance: For the one, says he, is no more pleasurable to the Body, than the other beneficial to the Soul.

L. Piz. What a fine Gallant I'm like to have with these Principles! Well,—what did he say to a Summons from a Woman of my Quality? Did it not make him with the Time of Assignment were sooner than the appointment in the Letter?

Lucy. He first hum'd over your Billet; and pausing a while, he desir'd me to stay for an Answer in a next Room; Then coming to me, he ask'd me what Countrywoman you were? For, said he, if she should prove an old Acquaintance, I would use her damnably — But when I had assur'd him you never saw the outside of these Walls, he began to have that desire which all men have to a new Face.

L. Piz. Very well; and what then?

Lucy. He strait enquir'd whether you were black, brown, fair, old, young, maid, wife or widow? I told him you was a wretched Wife to an old, impotent, rich, covetous, noble *Venetian*; beautiful, young, generous, and of a fair Complexion. He hugg'd me at these words, seem'd transported with the News, and swore that in intrigues a Wife was most suitable to his Temper; for, said he, there's neither Children to Father, nor Honour to repair; and where his Pocket and Liberty are safe, he is contented to venture his Body and Soul.

L. Piz. Excellent Maxims.

Lucy. In short, Madam, he says he has had several Bills of this Nature drawn upon him of late, and how much his stock may be exhausted he knows not; but however he'll meet you, and if he cannot answer your Expectation, he'll give you earnest.

L. Piz. You talk merrily, Girl, I hope you did not tell my name. I should be loath to trust a man of his Character with my Reputation at first dash.

Lucy. No, Madam, I only told your Quality.

L. Piz. That's well: Oh! Reputation, what several sorts of Slavery do we undergo to preserve Thee! For to be thought Virtuous, we are forced to be constantly railing against Vice, tho' our Tongues and Maxims seldom agree.

Lucy. Alas! Madam, that Pretence is grown too common: for the Men now take it for granted, that a Lady is very near surrendring, when once she holds out that Flag of Defiance.

L. Piz. Well — Men use us very barbarously: They will neither suffer us to be honest, nor allow us to be thought so — Here take this Key, and secure every thing that concerns my Reputation: and if my Husband wakes e're I come back, you may easily find some excuse to prevent his Enquiries; for the Carnival allows us more Liberty, than at other times we dare pretend to — I know thy honesty; and will rely upon't.

Luc. Yes, indeed, Madam: I am honest at the bottom.

L. Piz. Well, I'll be gone: 'tis about the hour.

Ex. L. Piz.

Enter Pizalto.

Lucy. Goodluck attend you, Madam — Oh! Heavens! here's my Lord — Madam, Madam, Madam — Oh! Lord, what shall I say now she's gone?

Piz. Hift, hift, *Lucy.* Don't, don't, don't call your Lady, for I have a word ortwo to say to Thee in private, and have waited for this lucky opportunity a great while —

Lucy. aside. Now *Venus* be prais'd, I hope he has found some Business of his own that may give my Lady an opportunity to mind hers.

Piz. Well, *Lucy*, well, — canst thou guess my Business now?

Lucy. No, indeed, Sir — But I'm certain, and old Man's Business can't be great.

Aside.

Piz. *(Gives her a Looking-glass.)* Here, Child, this will tell Thee — Look in't, look in't, I say — Ah! ah! Thou hast a pretty pouting Lip, a delicate roguish Eye; such an Ogle, such a Cast — Ah! Rogue — Faith, Thou'rt very pretty: and in short, if any one rival thy Lady, it will be Thee, *Lucy* — Egad, I have fire in me yet.

Lucy. aside. O' my Conscience, and little too, I believe: Yet I wish he has enough to serve my Ends, I'll make my Fortune — Lord Sir, what do you mean? I rival my Lady! Heaven forbid, I would not injure so good a Woman for the world —

Piz. Pshaw, pshaw — Where's the injury done to her, Child? Adod, I'll give thee a hundred Crowns.

Luc. No injury, say you, my Lord? Why, I wonder you should be so jealous of my Lady, and preach such religious Maxims to her, when your own Principles are quite opposite.

Piz.

Piz. Look ye, Child, a Man may do that, which would look abominable in a Wife ——— A Woman's Reputation is a nice thing ———

Lucy. 'Tis so ——— And therefore 'tis but reason I should take care of mine.

Piz. Prithce, no more of that: thy reputation shall be safe; I'll marry thee to my Gentleman.

Lucy. Gentleman—Valer? Faugh ——— And what good will a hundred Crowns do me, when my Virginity is gone! indeed, if you lov'd me as much as you say, and would make my fortune, (for I should love extreamly to be a Lady) I cannot tell how far you might perswade me ——— I know my Reputation would be safe in your hands.

Piz. Make thy fortune! Why, I've known some of our Nobles marry a Wife with less than a hundred Crowns ——— But, adod, thou'rt a charming Girl, and therefore I'll make it a hundred Pistoles ——— What sayst thou now.

Lucy. Ah! adod, I must buss thee, [*kisses her*] ah, Rogue, methinks I'm a young, lusty, vigorous Fellow again ——— Thou shalt find I am, Girl.

Lucy aside. I believe I shall sail you, old Gentleman: Well, my Lord, make it up a thousand Pistoles, and I am yours, else I'll dye a Maid I'm resolv'd.

Piz. A thousand Pistoles! Why, thou'rt the most unconscionable Wench in *Italy*: Why 'tis a Price for a Dutchess in some Countries: Come, come, prithce, be reasonable *Lucy*,

Lucy. Reasonable! Why you don't ask a reasonable thing ——— Look you, you know my mind, I'll not bate a Penny ——— I'll warrant my Lady will give me two hundred at least for my discovery. *going*

Piz. aside. Uddlife! she won't tell my Wife sure, I'm ruin'd if she does, I'd rather give her two thousand ——— Hold, hold, *Lucy*: Sweet *Lucy*, prithce, come back ——— Faith, thou'rt so charming, I can deny thee nothing ——— Come, it shall be what thou wilt ——— Come now Rogue, let's retire to thy Chamber ———

Lucy. Nay, nay, no entering the Premises, till you have paid the Purchase. ———

Piz. Adod, Thou'rt a Wag ——— Come in then, and I'll discharge the Debt: Thou art a cunning Gipsy. *Exit Pizal.*

Lucy. You shall have reason to say so ere I have done with you, old Gentleman ——— For I am resolv'd to show you a Trick, and preserve my Verrue: *Aside.*

For did base Men within my Power fall,
T' avenge my injur'd Sex, I'd jilt 'em all.
And would but Women follow my advice,
They should be glad at last to pay our Price.

Exit Lucy.
SCENE

SCENE II. *The Piazza d' Espagna in Venice.**Enter Lady Pizalta sola.*

L. Piz. Not come yet! Ungrateful Man! must a Woman of my Quality wait?
 How have we lost our Pow'r since the Creation?
 When the whole World had but one single Lord,
 Whom every Creature readily obey'd?
 Yet he, that mighty he, caught with a smile,
 Flew to th' embraces of the tempting Fair.
 But now each puny Sinner dares to cross
 A Woman's inclinations ———

Enter Ludovico:

Oh! are you come, Signior? I suppose you have
 Some other Assignment, that made you miss
 My hour ——— Pursue it pray ——— I'll not interrupt you ——— Your
 Servant ——— *Going.*
 I hope he'll not take me at my word. *Aside.*

Lud. Nay, nay, Signiora, Why this Passion? *Stops her.*
 You sent me a Challenge, and I like a man of Courage, am come to
 answer it ——— Pray don't let a quarter of an hour break squares ———
 I own 'twas a Fault to make a Lady wait, but Friends, Madam, Friends,
 and good Wine are the Devil ——— Come, I'll make you amends.

L. Piz. Friends and good Wine! I suppose those Friends were female ones ———

Lud. No, faith: You shall judge of that ——— But suppose they were ———
 Why should you be angry that I did not fly with the desir'd haste, as
 long as I am come time enough to give you satisfaction ——— Besides, I
 han't seen your face yet, and for ought I know, it mayn't reward my
 Compliment in coming now ——— Prithee, Child, unmask, and then I'll
 tell thee more of my mind.

L. Pizal. The Devil take this fellow ——— and yet methinks I love him
 for his indifferency ——— *aside*] You talk as if you were unskill'd in the
 Art of Love: Don't you know that Expectation feeds more than twenty
 tasted Pleasures?

Lud. Hum ——— some sort of Fops it may: But I'm none of those ——— I
 never give my opinion of a Dish till I've tasted Neither do I care to dine
 often on one sort of Meat without changing the Sauce ——— But when
 that Cloud's withdrawn, how long I shall keep my Resolution I know
 not.

L. Piz. Say you so! Why then the only way to preserve your Appete
 is to feed you slenderly: or only let you see the food, but not to taste.

Lud. Faith, Madam, I'm no Cameleon, but Flesh and Blood ———
 There—

Therefore these Prescriptions are of no use—— One sight of that dear Charming Face of yours, would be more obliging to your humble Servant.

L. Pic. unmasks. Well, Sir, what think you? Is there any thing in this Face worth your regard?

Lud. Ah! By Heaven, an Angel—— Oh! Madam, now blame your self for my neglect, for had you sent the Picture of her, in whom all those Beauties center, I had in this place waited the coming of my Goddess, or rather flown on the Wings of eager Love, to meet my fair, tho in the Arms of ten thousand Dangers—— Say, my Charming Angel, do you forgive me? But why do I ask? your Eyes assure me you do; at least I'll force a pardon from these dear, soft, ruby lips. [*Kisses her in extasy.*]

L. Pic. Hold, hold! Been't so lavish—— a sparing Gamester is the likeliest to keep in stock—— whilst a profuse hand at one cast throws all he has away.

Lud. To fear, that were to doubt your Charms, in which a Lover is sure to find constant supplies—— But we lose time—— Let's retire to my Lodgings, where I'll give thee the best proofs of my Love I can.

L. Pic. aside. Well! He's a charming Fellow—— Oh! how happy are VVives in France and England, where such as he swarm!

Lud. Come, Madam, come———— VVhy what do you mean by this delay? Consider I'm a man, a mortal, wishing, amorous man——

L. Pic. And consider I'm a Woman——

Lud. aside. Ay, ay: That I know: At least I hope to find you such—— or I would not be in such haste—— *Aside.*

L. Pic. And have a Reputation to preserve.

Lud. Oh! Lord, what a damn'd Turn's here? Reputation, say you? Egad, I find all Women make pretence to that mysterious Word—— *aside.* What! Are not you married, Madam?

L. Pic. Yes, what then?

Lud. Why then you have a Reputation to preserve—— that's all.

L. Pic. All, Sir, Yes, and all in all to me—— Do you consider what Country you're in, Sir?

Lud. Yes, Faith, Madam: and what constitution I am of too. I know Murder is as venial a Sin here, as Adultery is in some Countries: And I am too apprehensive of my mortal Part not to avoid Danger—— Therefore, Madam, You have an infallible security—— if I should betray You, I bring my self into jeopardy, and of all Pleasures Self-Preservation is the dearest.

L. Pic. A very open Speaker, I vow.

Lud. Ay, Madam, that's best—— Hang your creeping, cringing, whining, sighing, dying, lying Lovers—— Pough! Their Flames are not more durable than mine, tho they make more noise in the blaze—— Sing.

The Perjur'd Husband.

Sings

*Hang the whining way of wooing.
Loving was design'd a sport.*

Lady Pix. aside. The Duce take me if this fellow has not charm'd me strangely — Well, the Carn'val is almost over, and then must I be shut up like a Nun again — Hey! Ho! This time will be so short —

Lad. Let's make the better use on't then, my Dear. We will consider when we have nothing else to do, but at present there's a matter of the greatest moment which I must impart to you — Therefore, come dear Rogue, come —

L. Pix. (Looking on her Watch.) Hold — I have out-staid my time, and must return home instantly to prevent discoveries.

Lad. Faith, Madam, this is not fair — To raise a man's Expectation, and then disappoint him! Would you be serv'd so your self now?

L. Pix. I'll endeavour to disingage my self from my jealous Husband, and contrive another meeting.

Lad. But will you be sure to meet me again?

L. Pix. I give you my Hand as a Protest —

Lad. kisses her. And I this kiss in return — Adieu, my Charmer.

L. Pix. Signior, Farewel.

Exeunt severally.

Enter Bassino, Alonzo.

Bass. Well, Sir, Your Business —

Alon. It is to tell you —

You are a Villain —

Bass. Ha —

Alon. And that as such

I ought to have treated you before the Face
Of false *Aurelia* — But I scorn to follow
The barbarous custom of my Native Country.
I seek with Honour to revenge my wrongs;
Therefore, Sir, draw —

Bass. This Action speaks you Noble — be likewise Just,
And let me know the cause that moves your Anger.
By Heaven I'd rather call you still my Friend,
Than be your Enemy — Yet, if I wrong'd you,
I'll give you satisfaction —

Alon. Trister away — Too well Thou knowst the cause;
And now wouldst sooth my wrongs with Flattery.
But my Resolve is fix'd as Heaven's Decrees:
And one of us must fall — Let the Survivor
Dispose of that base, false, perjur'd *Aurelia*;
As both his Love and Honour shall direct.
If my propitious Stars defend my Life,
You shall not die alone — Th' adulterous Fair
Shall bear you company — Now, Draw.

Bass.

Bass. Oh! hold.
One moment hold Imust unfold this Riddle :
Adulterous Fair, say you ?

Alon. Yes : She's my Wife.

Bass. Ha — your Wife !
Sure there's a curse intail'd upon that name.
What ! Your real Wife ?

Aside.

Alon. If the Command of an expiring Father
And her own Vows can make her mine, she's so :
Indeed the Marriage Rites are yet to come,
Which stilly she delay'd these two Months past,
On slight Pretence of finishing the time
Of Mourning for her Father — But 'tis plain:
I was a Property to your base Love :
And only design'd to fill up your Place,
When surfeited you should return to *Turin*.
Hell — Furies! Draw, or in my just Revenge,
I'll pin you to the Earth —

Bass. Oh! Woman! Woman!

Aside.

Yes, I will draw — But e're the fatal stroke
Is past recal, I swear *Aurelia's* Virtue,
Is clear and spotless like *Diana's* self :
Nor was I prompted on this early visit,
But with design to take my last Farewel :
Having last night received my Prince's Orders
To haste to *Turin* — Therefore if I fall,
I hope she'll meet with Mercy — Now come on.

Alon. Hold, hold, My Lord ; Oh! could I credit this,
I would ask Pardon, and entreat your Friendship.

Bass. 'Tis true, upon my Honour —
But if you doubt my words, I'm ready —
Tho' I have reason to decline this Combate,
At least at present — Oh! *Placentia*!

Aside.

Oh! my *Placentia*! why should I abuse Thee?

Alon. My Lord you seem disturb'd —

Bass. Oh! *Alonzo*! *Alonzo*!
Should I acquaint you with my wretched Fate,
You'd find that life it self is grown a Burden,
I cannot bear, since I can ne're be happy.
But 'tis a Story that must ne're be told,
Let it suffice to settle your repose,
That *Turin* holds the cause of my misfortunes.

Alon. Then I am happy :
My Lord, I wish 'twere in my Power to serve you,
I'd do it as a Friend —

Aside.

Bass. Generous Sir, I thank you ;
 As far as I am capable, I am *Alonzo's*. *Exit Alonzo.*
 Oh ! Force of treacherous Love ! to gain my end,
 I wrong a Wife, a Mistress, and a Friend. *Exit Bassino.*
The End of the Second Act.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

S C E N E I. *Aurelia's Lodgings.*

Enter Aurelia, Florella.

Aur. OH ! how I tremble for my dear *Bassino* ?
 Haste, fly *Florella*, bring me news he lives,
 Or else expect to see thy Mistress die.

Flor. Madam be patient —
 Consult your Reputation, and consider
 That the least noise you make on this occasion,
 Reflects upon your Virtue —

Aur. Away, away — Talk not of Reputation.
 When Lov's in t'other scale — But what can shock my Reputation,
 Heaven's my Witness I ne're lodg'd a Thought,
 For Count *Bassino* that could wrong my Virtue.
 Perhaps the Gods pursue me with their Hatred,
 Because I break my Promise to *Alonzo*.
 But then, why did they not secure me his ?
 Why must weak mortals be expos'd to Passions,
 Which are not in our Power to subdue,
 And yet account for what they prompt us to ?
 But I will think no more — Almighty Love,
 Now hear my last Resolve — if angry Heaven
 Refus'd to guard my dear *Bassino's* Life,
Aurelia too shall fall, and leave his Murderer
 Accurs'd for ever — *Enter Alonzo.*

Flor. Oh ! Heaven ! where will this end ?

Aur. Ha —

Aside.

The Gods have sent him to decide my Fate.
 How now ! how dare you meet my angry view ?
 Or think I'll e're forgive the base affront,
 This very day you offer'd to my Fame ?

Alon. Just Heaven refuses not a Penitent,
 Therefore I cannot think that fair *Aurelia*

The Perjur'd Husband.

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Whole Charms are all divine, should fail in Goodness.
Oh! Let my Love atone for my rash Deed:
The Count and I are Friends, why should *Aurelia* be more severe?
Ans. Helives! blest News!

Aside.

Do then rash Actions speak your Love to me?
Must I in publick bear with your insults
Before I'm yours? what must I then expect
When the strict Ties of Marriage shall confirm
Your jealous Passions?

No, you have taught me to avoid the shelf,
I was just running on—— know base *Alonso*,
That from this moment I resume my Freedom,
I disengage you from your former Vows,
And will henceforth be Mistress of my self.

Alon. Ha——

Aside.

This sudden Coldness has another Spring,
Than my rash Carriage—— Oh! my jealous Fears,
But I'm resolv'd to trace her winding Thoughts,
And fetch the secret forth——

Madam, I hope you do but try my Love:
I cannot think *Aurelia* would be false.
Besides, you can't recal what's registred in Heaven.

Ans. Then stay till we come there—— There you'll have witness.
Alon. Witness!

Oh! Faithless, perjur'd Woman canst thou think,
Upon thy self and bid me call my Witness?
Yes, you are mine—— By all the Gods, you are.
And shall there be a Power on this side Heaven,
To stop my Bliss? No—— by my Love I swear.
I now can guess at your perfidious meaning,
And tho' that cowardly Villain sily thought
To blind me with a Tale his guilt had fram'd,
'Tis plain he is your Minion—— yet wants Courage
To own his Treachery.

Ans. Detracting, Slandrous Villain!
How dare you treat me thus?

Oh! for the look of a fierce Basilisk,
To punish this audacious insolence!

Alon. Marry thee! No—— by Heavens, I had rather
Be rackt to Death—— And for thy vile injustice
None shall enjoy thee, while this sword is mine. *Lays hold on his Sword.*
Nor shall your Lover scape to serve your lust,
Till he has forc'd a Passage thro' this Breast.

Points to his Breast.
Aside.

Ans. Oh! My *Bastinado*.
Oh! cruel Man! Are not you then contented

To wreak your Spite on poor *Aurelia*?
 Why must your Rage involve the innocent?
 Oh! Let me fall your Passion's Sacrifice;
 Let my Blood wash the stain you fix on me,
 But do not blast your Name with base Revenge.

Alon. By Heaven! she dotes on him! Oh! Cunning Woman?
 But this Pretence won't serve to save his Life;
 I'll not be caught again — No, *Alon.* No;
Bassino dies — Nor will I leave to Fortune
 The vengeful stroke, but take a safer way.

Aur. Oh! Heaven!
 What words shall I invent to sooth his Rage,
 And save my dear *Bassino*? Oh! *Alon.*
 My oncelov'd Dear, will you not hear me speak?
 Oh! I conjure you by our plighted Love's,
 Whose purity outshone the Stars above,
 Hear me this Time, then use me as you please.

Alon. Oh! Woman, Woman!

Aur. If e're *Aurelia*

So much as in her thoughts did wrong *Alonzo*
 May sudden Death pursue her perjur'd steps:
 Heaven forgive
 The Perjury, since I've no other way
 To Save *Bassino's* Life.

Alon. *Aurelia*, rise.

Oh! could I credit this, how happy were *Alonzo*!
 But something tells me that thou art forsworn;
 And yet thou seem'st as fair as Truth itself:
 How is it possible that Guilt can look
 With so a divine a Face?

Aur. Oh kill me instantly: kill me, I beg you, kill me;
 Let me not linger out an Age in pain;
 For such is every Moment of your Anger;
 I cannot bear to live in your displeasure.

Alon. By Heaven she's true —

Hence frivolous fears be gone — she's only mine.
 Come to my Breast, my bright *Aurelia*, come.
 To that soft shrine that holds that Sacred image,
 Which triumphs o're my foul, and grasps it all.
 I knew my boundless Treasure, and the Thought
 Of losing thee had rais'd my love to Madness.
 But now I'm calm — No more shall that fierce Passion,
 Rude Jealousy disturb my peaceful mind.
 Do but forgive the Faults my Rage committed,
 And you will find our Loves will grow the purer;

Just as the Sky looks brighter when the storm
Is chas'd away, and *Phobus* smiles again.

Aur. Since both have been to blame, let it suffice,
We both repent, and will offend no more.

Alon. Oh ! never, never.

I'll ne're suspect you more — Only resolve me this —

Aur. What's it?

Alon. Why was *Bassino*

Admitted to your View, and I denied?

Aur. He came to take his leave, and 'thad been rude.

Not to admit a man of his high Birth

On this occasion; Nor was you denied,

But thro' my Woman's Bearer of your suspicions.

She thought you would misconstrue the Count's Visit,

As you have really done — I blam'd her for it

Indeed, this is the Truth — I hope *Alonso*

Believes me now —

Alon. Believe Thee! Yes — As willingly as Martyrs

A State of endless Joy.

I will so love my Dear, that all Mankind

Shall look with envy on our mutual bliss.

I'm like a Merchant tost at Sea by storms,

Who his last Course with Pray' is and Toil performs.

And the rich Cargo safely brought on shore,

He hugs it thus, and vows to part no more. (*embraces her*)

Aur. aside. So in a flow'ry Mead a Serpent lurks,

And the unwary Traveller surprizes,

Where he suspects least danger! Cursed Cheat.

Aside.

Oh ! that I could disclose the fatal story!

But it must never out — I beg *Alonso*,

You'd leave me for a while, and rest secure,

You have my Love —

Alon. Then the bright Sun in all his circling Turn,

Cannot behold a man more truly happy:

What you command I readily obey.

Farwel, my dear.

Exit Alonso.

Aur. Where art thou now, *Aurelia*?

How wilt thou scape that dreadful Precipice,

On which thou art hurried on by thy fatal Passion?

With conscious horror I deceiv'd *Alonso*,

I hate this base Treachery, but 'twas unavoidable:

The truth had been more fatal —

More fatal? — No — For I must never Wed

My dear *Bassino* whilst *Alonso* lives.

Oh!

Oh ! the distracting thought ! what shall I do ?
 Why ! dye *Aurelia* : That's the only way,
 To keep thy vows to both — Ha — dye, said I,
 But whither then ? who knows what Punishment,
 Just Heav'n prepares for guilty Souls like mine.
 But I must think no more, lest I grow mad with thought.
 If there's a Power that guards us here below,
 Oh ! look with prying eyes on poor *Aurelia* :
 Appease the Tumults of my anxious Fear,
 And load me with no more than I can bear.

Exeunt Aurelia, Florella.

SCENE II. *Lady Pizalta's Lodgings.*

L. Piz. Well, Thou'rt an admirable Girl ! What would half the Ladies in *Venice* give for such a Servant ?

Lucy aside. Truly, you have reason to say so, for 'tis not the first Intrigue I have manag'd for you — Oh ! dear Madam, your Ladyship does me too much honour — But how do you like your new Servant, Madam ?

L. Piz. Oh ! above all men living, *Lucy* : He has the most bewitching Conversation I ever met with — Say, is there no way to contrive a second meeting ? For I'm impatient till I see the dear man again — The end of the Carnival draws near, which is indeed the end of Life to me : for then must I be coopt up with age : condemn'd to an eternal coughing, spitting, snoring and ill nature — Then let me make the best of life — since Hell cannot have a worse plague in store than I have felt already.

Luc. Indeed, Madam, I pity you : and wish 'twere in my Power to free you from this old, wither'd log, but tho' that's impossible, yet I may do you some little services to make life's tedious journey pleasant — Let me see, I have it — What would you say now, Madam, if I should contrive a way to have your Lover in your own Chamber ?

L. Piz. That were worth a King's Revenue — Speak, quickly, how, how, good *Lucy* ?

Luc. Why, thus : He shall put on my Cloaths, and in my place attend you.

L. Piz. Rare contrivance ; but my Husband, *Lucy* ?

Luc. Oh ! let me alone, Madam, to manage him : He is defective in sight, you know ; and not mistrusting any thing, will not be over curious : But if he should, I have a way to bring you off — My life on't — This Plot may be of use to my design, I'll manage it with care. *Aside.*

L. Piz. Oh ! The Pleasure of hearing my Husband lie coughing, and calling me to Bed : and my answering him, I'm coming, Dear : and while

The Perjur'd Husband.

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while he imagines me in the next Room undressing, I'm happy in the Arms of my *Ludovico*. Certainly there's as much satisfaction in deceiving a dull-jealous Husband, as in getting a new Gallant: Were it not grown so common — Each Tradesman's Wife must have her Gallant too — and sometimes makes a Journey man of the Apprentice: e're his Indentures be half out — 'Tis an unsufferable Fault that Quality can have no Pleasure above the Vulgar, except it be in paying their debts. Well, dear *Lucy*, I admire thy contrivance — About it instantly —

Lucy aside. About it instantly! is that all I must have my t'other Fee for? — I will, Madam; and you may expect your Lover instantly. But, Madam, what's to be done with your Brocade Night Gown you tore last night? it can ne're be mended handsomely.

L. Pic. Nothing to be done without a Bribe I find, in Love as well as Law — Well *Lucy*, if you manage this intrigue with care and secrecy the Gown is yours. *Enter Page.*

Page. Madam, my Lord desires to speak with you.

Lucy. Madam, I'll go about your business: Your Ladyship's very humble servant. *Exit Lucy.*

L. Pic. Tell him I'm coming — *Exit Page.*
Now by way of Mortification must I go entertain my old, jealous Husband. *Exit Lady Pizalta.*

SCENE III. *The Piazza.*

Enter Ludovico Singing.

*Give me but Wine, that Liquor of Life,
And a Girl that is wholesome and clean,
Two or three Friends, but the Devil a Wife;
And I'd not change state with a King.*

Enter Lucy.

Luc. What singing, Signior! Well, you're a pleasant Gentleman —

Lud. Ah! My little female *Mercury*, what message bringst Thou? Ha — will thy Lady bless me with another sight — Ha — How — When? where? I am all in a Flame.

Luc. Come along with me, Sir, I'll help you to an Extinguisher presently.

Lud. If Thou meanest thy Lady with all my heart — But I can tell Thee, she'll rather prove Oyl, than what you speak of — But, say, where am I to see my lovely Charmer?

Lucy. In her Chamber —

Lud. Good! But how the Devil can that be done?

Lucy. Nay, without the help of a Conjuror, I assure you: if you dare take me for your Pilot, I'll warrant you success in your Voyage — I'll see you safe in the Island of Love; 'tis your business to improve the Soil. *Lud.*

Lud. I warrant Thee, Girl, do you but bring me there once, and if I play not my part, may I never more know the pleasure of an intrigue.

Luc. Which, if I mistake not, is the greatest curse can fall on you — Well, you must suffer a small Metamorphosis: What think you of personating me a little? That is, dressing in my Cloaths, and waiting on your Mistress in her Bed-chamber — Ha —

Lud. Egad, I'm afraid I shall make but an awkward Chamber-maid. I'm undisciplin'd in Dressing a Lady's head —

Lucy. Oh! Sir, your Commission won't reach so high as the head: I believe my Lady will excuse little matters: You can undress, I suppose.

Lud. Oh! The best and the quickest of any man in *Venice*. But a Pox on't — Canst find no other way? — I, I, I — I like Petticoats in their proper Places, but I don't care to have my Legs in 'em.

Luc. And so you resolve against it? Ha —

Lud. No, not absolutely resolve, Child: But — a —

Lucy. But what, Sir!

Lud. Nothing — I will follow thy Directions, what ever comes on't. Now lead the way: For nothing suits better with my Humour than a Friend, a Bottle, a new Mistress, and a Convenient Place.

Ex. Lucy Ludovico.

SCENE IV. *Pizalto's Lodgings.*

Enter Pizalto with a Bond in his Hand.

Piz. Well — My Wife's a fine Woman, a very fine Woman! But a Pox she's a Wife still, and this young Jade runs in my head plaguly: Well — here 'tis under my hand; a Thousand Pistoles — A great sum for a Maidenhead, as Maidenheads go now a-days — Ah had I been young now,

A Fiddle and a Treat had bore the Prize away,
But when we old Fools dote, they make us pay.

Enter Lucy.

Oh! are you come! Here, here, *Lucy*: Here's a Fortune for thee worth twenty Maidenheads, adod! I have not so much money by me at present, but there's security.

Gives her the Bond.

Luc. Your Lordships Bond's sufficient — Well, but that I am satisfied my Reputation is safe with your Lordship, or twice the sum should not have prevail'd — Go to my Chamber, my Lord, I'll but step and see if my Lady wants any thing, and I'll be with you instantly.

Piz. You won't stay, *Lucy*? Ah Girl, bu's thy Ladys Chucky; now do, now —

Lucy. Oh! Lord! not here, we shall be discovered.

Piz. Well, thou art a cunning sinner: make hast, *Lucy*, dost hear? *Ex. Piz.*

Luc. You're in mighty haste, old Genelman! but I shall deceive you, My end is gain'd; I have my Fortune made, Man has no me, but I have man betray'd.

ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE I. *Armando's Lodgings.*

Enter Armando, Placentia.

Plac. OH! *Armando!*

Thou more than Friend to the distress'd *Placentia!*
Say, how shall I regain my lost *Bassino*,
My false, perfidious Husband? *Weeps.*

Arm. Dear Madam, moderate your sorrow:
Reserve those Tears to move *Bassino's* heart,
Mine is all Pity: You may rest secure
Of all the Arguments a Friend can use
To bring him back to your endearing Arms.
Vertue's not quite extinguish'd in his Breast,
Therefore I hope the sight of bright *Placentia*
Will rouse his slumbering Reason——

Plac. Oh! *Bassino! Bassino!*
Oh! wretched woman! Oh! that I had dy'd
E're I had known him false: Then I were happy:
And, tho contented with his second choice,
He with a pitying sigh perhaps had grac'd
My memory——

Oh! all ye Powers that Vertuous Love inspire,
Assist me now: inform my vocal Organs
With Angel Eloquence, such as can melt
His heart of Flint, and move his former kindness.
(*Aside.*) But if that fail, I will remove the cause
Of both our woes——Yes, that happy Charmer,
That Rival of my Love shall surely die.

Arm. Doubt not of the success: What Heart of Steel
Could e're resist such Beauty drest in Tears?

Serv. Sir, Count *Bassino* enquires if you are within.

Enter a Servant.

Plac. Oh! Heavens! how I tremble!

Arm. Lucky opportunity——shew him up.
Madam, be pleas'd to step into that Closet,
Till I can sound the utmost of his Thoughts,
And shew him naked to your secret view.
Then when he's in the height of impious Passion,
You like a Bolt from Heav'n shall rush on him,
And strike his Folly dumb.

Plac. Almighty Powers, whose Providential Care
Is ever kind to vertuous innocence,
Oh! help me now in this Extremity. *Exit Placentia.*

*Enter Bassino.**Bass.* How does my Friend *Armando*?*Arm.* My Lord, *Armando's* well,
And wishes you were so.*Bass.* Dost thou discover ought that gives thee cause
To doubt I am not well? indeed, I think
I am in perfect health —*Arm.* My Lord, I should be glad
To find that Fever of your mind abated
In which I left you last —*Bass. aside.* I must dissemble now,
Else I'll ne're gain my ends — My dear *Armando*,
That Fever, thou speakest of, is now succeeded
By a cold Ague fit: The bare Remembrance
Of my unlawful Passion shakes my soul.*Arm.* Such sudden Cures have often prov'd pernicious,
And we have reason to suspect a wound
Too quickly heal'd —*Bass.* Not when thou knowest what Balsom I applied.*Arm.* There's scarce a Balm for the deep wounds of love,
Besides Possession, and I cannot think
You have enjoy'd *Aurelia*.*Bass.* I swear I have not —But I enjoy my Reason: my free Reason:
And who possesses that, can never cherish
A thought against himself: For such I call
Whatsoever keeps me from my lawful Wife,
My dear *Placentia*, to whose Arms I'll fly
With all the eager haste of a fond Bridegroom.
There I shall revel in the virtuous Pleasures
Of a chaste Bed — Oh! my Friend *Armando*!
My dear *Placentia's* Friend! Canst Thou forgive?
Indeed, I'm penitent and will offend no more.*Arm.* My Lord, these are the words you spoke before:
What greater Reason have I now to think
You'll keep your promise?*Bass.* Pride, Honour, Justice are come to my Aid,
And Love too feeble to withstand 'em all,
Has left the Field to my victorious Reason.
Pride, with the prospect of my future greatness,
Allures me to return with speed to *Turin*.
T' obey my Princes Orders.
Honour and Justice tell me I'm *Placentia's*,
And that *Aurelia* is *Alonzo's* Bride.
To him she gave her Virgin Vows: Nay, more,

To him her dying Father did bequeath her ;
He loves her too, and shall not be depriv'd,
My Passion is subdu'd, and I'm resolv'd
My self to give *Aurelia* to *Alonzo*.

Arm. If this be true, then you are my Friend again :
But how came you to learn *Aurelia's*
Engagement to *Alonzo* ?

Bass. I have it from him self, who an hour since,
With eager Fury sought to 'venge on me
His injur'd Love, and challenged me to fight :
I chose with Justice to defend my Life,
And quit *Aurelia*, rather than to vanquish
In such a Cause — *Alonzo* strait embrac'd me,
Call'd me his Friend, and vow'd I should not go,
Till I had seen him joyn'd in solemn Marriage
With bright *Aurelia* — This I readily granted :
Canst thou believe me true ?

Arm. My Lord, I do believe you —
And am o're-joy'd to hear your Resolution :
By Heaven ! There's more Glory in subduing
Our wild desires, than an embattled Foe.
Now do I wish his Wife had never come.

Bass. *Armando*, Thou'rt my Friend, and on that score
I must desire you to repair to *Turin*,
With all the speed you can, to bear these Letters
To our great Prince : and beg he will excuse
My stay for three days more — And here this Letter
Bear to *Placentia* — speak to her the kindest
The softest things thy fancy can suggest.
I shall make good thy promise —

My dear *Placentia* ! Oh ! that she were here
Panting and warm within these longing Arms !
'Tis a long Age since I did see her last !
But come, my Friend, you must this hour set forward.

Arm. With all my Heart : But 'twill not be amiss
Before I go to fix the Victory
Which conquering Virtue in your Breast has gain'd ;
And if what you pretend be real Truth,
I have a welcome present for *Bassino*.
Madam, come forth —

Enter Placentia.

Bass. What do I see ! My Wife ! This was a lucky Plot :
Hypocrisy did ne're besfriend me more.
This was not like a Friend — why should *Armando*
Disturb her soft Tranquility of mind,
And give her ocular Proofs of my Disloyalty ?

Aside.

H —

Oh ! my *Placentia* ! my beloved Wife ! *Embraces her, and calls her*

Oh ! That I should e're think to wrong my Dear ! *Placentia*

Pla. My Lord, waste not a sigh on my account :

My Joys are infinite since you are mine,

And what is past I easily forget.

Nay, let me beg for Pardon : for I know

I have offended you in coming hither.

I should have waited this Return of Virtue :

Or if abandon'd, silently have mourn'd

My loss, without upbraiding my lov'd Lord :

All this I should have done, but mighty Love,

Too powerful for Duty to withstand,

Guided my steps to *Venice* —

In hopes my presence would retrieve your Heart.

Bass. Gods ! That this Woman were *Aurelia* ! *Aside.*

Thou wonder of thy Sex ! Thou best of Women !

I blush to think that thou hast heard my Folly :

Yet since your love cancels your just complaints,

You make me doubly blest : and I'll reward

This excellent Goodness with eternal Fondness.

Oh ! that thou hadst been here ! Not all the Beauties

That *Venice* holds could have diverted me,

No, not one moment from my dear *Placentia* :

Long absence is the Bane of new-born Love,

But Fate shall ne're have power to part us more.

Pla. Oh ! My dear Lord, your Goodness is too great :

And I'm o're-paid for all my sorrows past.

Armando, say, is not he wondrous kind ?

Arm. Madam, I told you Virtue

Was struggling in his Breast, and that it might

O'recome his Vicious Love, I thought your presence

Was requisite — And now, My Lord, I hope

You will forgive me, since all the Endeavours

I us'd before had been in vain. I once

Design'd to let *Aurelia* know your Marriage.

But then perhaps she would not have believ'd me :

Let this plead my Excuse in sending for *Placentia*.

Without your knowledge.

Bass. I must not let him see I am concern'd. *Aside.*

I know 'twas Friendship all, well meaning Friendship :

I only am to blame : But I'll retrieve

My Credit in your Heart, and still deserve

The Name of Friend — And thou the best of Wives,

Shalt ne're have cause to doubt my constant Love.

Pla. Oh ! My *Bassino* ! This Excels of kindness.

Exalts

The Perjur'd Husband.

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Exalts me o're all mortals, if you're true
There's not a blast within the Power of Fortune
Can shock my Happiness.

Bass. Thou shalt ne're find me false, I swear Thou shalt not.

Oh! that I could engage

She would return to *Turin* with *Armando*;

Aside.

For if she stays I never can enjoy

My bright *Aurelia*, and by Heaven I will,

Altho ten thousand lives should pay the Purchase.

Plac. My Lord, you seem disturb'd.

Bass. It troubles me

You can't appear in *Venice* with a Train

That may bespeak the Rank you hold in *Savoy*.

Plac. to *Armando*. Oh! *Armando*!

He is so kind, I wish I ne're had come!

What if I offer to return with you?

Arm. Madama, you will do well:

For I my self cannot suspect him now:

Plac. My Lord, let not my Presence here disturb you.

I doubt your Love no more, and to convince you,

I will go back before 'tis known I'm here.

Besides, 'tis fit I should prepare all things

To welcom you at home.

Bass. aside. Blest opportunity!

Fortune I thank thee: Would my Dear then leave me:

So very soon? Alas! 'twill be an Age

E're I return to *Turin*: Three long days;

No, my Dear, no; I will not part from thee,

At least this night, my Love——

Plac. Will then *Armando* stay?

Bass. No, my best Hopes, he instantly departs

With Letters to my Prince.

Plac. Then suffer me to go this very moment.

Three days will soon be o're, and you're return,

Shall make me fully blest——if I should stay

'Twould look like base distrust, and I can't think

Bassino would be false——

Bass. aside. Oh! Heaven! that I were not!

Arm. Indeed, my Lord, I think your truly happy.

Scarce does an Age produce so good a Wife.

Bass. Oh! that I could reward this wondrous Goodness!

Plac. My Lord, what makes you sigh?

Bass. To part from thee: But since 'tis your desire

It shall be so. *Armando*, to thy charge

I here commit the Treasure of my Soul,

Take

Take care of her, and think that on her safety
My Life depends.

Arm. My Lord, I hope you do not doubt my care.

Raff. Dear Friend, I do not ———

May Heavens Blessings still attend my Love,
My dear *Placentia*.

*Embraces, & goes to
lead her off.*

Plac. As many more guard my *Bassino*.

Bass. *aside.* A sudden horror seizes all my Limbs :

I tremble at the thought of this base Deed ——— *Pulls out his Handkerchief*
Ha — Tears uncalled for bath my guilty Eyes ——— *and drops a Letter, which*
Gods ! either give me virtue to withstand *Armando takes up.*

This impious Love, or courage to pursue it
Without Remorse : for I'm but half a Villain. *Exeunt Bassino, Placent.*

Arm. Opens the Letter. A Letter ! — And to *Aurelia* ! Now curiosity
prompts me to know the subject ——— What's here ?

Reads. I have dispatch'd Armando to the Court of Savoy, and found pre-
tence to stay behind ———

False, treacherous Man !

*This night I give a Mask at my Lodgings, which, I hope will divert Alonzo
till the Priest has joyned our hands ; and while all the Company are engaged
in mirth, I'll steal to the dear Arms of my Divine Aurelia.*

Oh ! Villain, Villain ! Monstrous Villain !

Oh ! Poor *Placentia* ! But I will prevent

His Policy, and break his wicked Measures. *Exit Armando.*

SCENE II. Pizalta's Lodgings.

Enter Pizalto alone.

Piz. Why, what makes this young Jade stay so long ? Adod, This is
to pay before-hand — Ha — Methinks I hear a laughing and giggling
in my Wife's Apartment ; I must know whence their Mirth proceeds.
Ho ! Here's *Lucy* coming — Harkee you, pray, why did you make me
wait so long ? Nay, I'm resolv'd you shan't scape me now — [*Goes to the
door, and pulls in Ludovico, in Lucy's Cloaths, whose Commode falls off in the
struggle, and discovers his bald head.*] Oh ! Benedicite ! What have we
here ? A man disguis'd in my Wife's Chamber ! And I unarm'd ! Oh !
Curst Minute ! — Speak, Thou wicked Prophet, Thou Son of Inir-
quity, what canst Thou here for ? Ha — Thou Priest of *Baal*, to offer
Sacrifices on the Altar of my Wife ? Oh ! My head ! My Horns weigh
it down to the ground already — Within there, bring me my Sword and
Pistol.

Lud. A Pox on all Petticoats — What a Devil shall I say now ? Oh !
for a Sword ! That would be of more use to me now than my Tongue.

Enter Lady Pizalta.

Piz. Oh ! Thou wicked Salacious Woman !

L. *Piz.*

L. Pic. What ails my dear Chucky? Why dost Thou call for Arms, Deary?

Piz. To cut down that vile Creeper, which over-runs thy Garden of Virtue.

L. Pic. *aside*. Now Impudence assist me.

Ah! — Heavens! What's here? A man in disguise? A Thief it must be — Raise the Servants — Oh Heaven! we might have had all our Throats cut in our Beds — Now for Lucy, for I am at a loss to come off. *aside*.

Piz. No, no, I warrant, you know he is more gentle in Bed.

Lud. *aside*. Oh! the Devil, what does she mean? Death, Hell and Furies! if I come off now, catch me at this sport again and hang me — Enter Lucy.

L. Pic. Oh! are you there, Mistress? how came this man here in your Cloaths? ha — Gentlewoman —

Lucy *aside*. How confidently she asks the question, poor Lady! as if she knew nothing of it! Now must I bring her off —

For Reasons you must not know, Madam.

Piz. Ah! Thou wicked pair of Bellows to blow the Fire of Iniquity! Why thou art the very Casement thro which thy Mistress sucks the Air of Abomination — Tell me, I say, how he came here, and for what — and be sure it be a substantial Lie, or 'twill not pass.

Lud. *aside*. All my hopes are in her impudence.

Lucy to Pizal. Harkee, Sir, one word with you — Do you remember our agreement to night?

Piz. Why, what of that? ha —

Lucy. Then imagine what I design'd that Gentleman for: I'm honest, Sir, that's all —

Piz. I'm honest, Sir, that's all — *Mimicking her tone.*

Piz. Honest! with a Pox — What! and so you honestly provided a Companion for my Wife in my absence — ha —

Lucy. No, Sir, I design'd him for your Companion in my absence — This is the business he was dress'd for: Therefore no more words, but believe my Lady honest, or all shall out.

Piz. Oh! The Devil! This shan't pass, Hussy — Do you think I'll be Cuckold'd, jilted, bubbled, and let it pass for a Christmas Gambol. Adod! give me my Bond again, or — *Hold's up his Cane.*

Lucy. No — hold there, Sir: Women and Lawyers ne're refund a Fee: But 'tis your best way to be patient now, I'll not take Blows.

L. Pic. Why, all this whispering? why mayn't I know the business?

Piz. I am mistaken if you have not known too much Business already: But I am right enough serv'd — I had more ground before than I could manage; I had no need of my Neighbour's.

Lucy. Right, my Lord! Ground that lies fallow will breed Weeds in time: but yours is clear yet.

Piz. Damn your Jest! I shall expect a better account, do you hear? I'll find a Servant to see you out of doors to Ludovico. *Exeunt Pizalta and Lucy.*

Lud.

Lud. Well, this was an admirable Life at a pinch—She has brought me off now—And if e're they catch me at this Musick again, I'll give 'em leave to make an *Italian* Singer of me—No more Intrigues in Disguise—if it had not been for the Waiting-woman now, I might have been hang'd for a thief.

Lucy. What all amorr, Signior, No courage left?

Lud. Faith, not much—I think I have lost my Manhood with my Breeches—This transformation may suit with Gods, but not with Mortals of my Humour—Come, prithee, good Mistress *Lucy*, help me to my proper shape again, for tho I have a natural inclination to Petticoats, I hate 'em upon my own Back.. *A Flourish of Musick within.*

Lucy. Hark! I hear Count *Bassino's* Musick: He gives a Mask to night, you are already drest for Masquerade, won't you stay and take a Dance?

Lud. Egad, I'd rather dance a jig with Thee elsewhere:
Faith Thou'rt a pretty Girl—And hast a good deal of wit too—But then pox on't Thou'rt honest, Thou sayest thou cannot swallow a Pill except 'tis gilded o're with Matrimony.

Lucy. Hum—And that turns your Stomach I warrant.

Lud. Why, Ay: Faith my Stomach is damn'd squeamish in these Matters: Yet, Egad if I could find one with half as much Money as Thou hast Wit and Beauty, I'd Marry, and live honest:

Lucy. That is, you'd marry her Money—

Lud. One with the other, Child: There's no living upon Love thou knowest—Tho Faith I could Love well enough too.

Lucy. Well, suppose I help you to a Lady with a round summ, you'd keep your word and marry her?

Lud. I am a Gentleman, I scorn to break my word.

Lucy. Well, Sir, come to the Mask, and I'll engage you a Mistress, if you are not over-curious.

Lud. With all my Heart:

I'm now resolv'd to leave this Wenching-Trade.

For no Man's safe upon a Hackney Jade:

Th'Alloy of danger makes the Pleasure Pain,

A Virtuous Wife will always be the same.

Exeunt

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Mask in Bassino Lodging.

*Bassino, Alonzo, Armando in a disguise, Plicentia in Man's Cloaths;
Signior Pizalto, Lady Pizalta, Lucy, &c.*

An Entry of three Men, and three Women of several Nations.

Bass. I Can't imagine where I dropt my Letter:
Pray Heaven it be where none can ever find it.

Gods

Gods ! Let me once enjoy her, then call on me
Your store of Plagues, and I will meet 'em all. *Enter Ludovico singing.*

Lud. Ah ! Mistress *Lucy* ! I'm come thou seest — I expect thou shalt
be as good as thy word, Child — is the Lady here ?

Luc. The Lady is forth coming if you are still in the same mind ?

L. Piz. My Lover here ! Harkee *Lucy*.

Lucy. By and by, Madam, I am catering for my self now — Well,
Sir, will two thousand Pistoles do ?

Lud. I must humour her — *Aside.*] *Ay, Child.*

Lucy. Why then I take you at your word, Sir, and can produce the
aforelaid sum — *To Piz.* With a little of your assistance, my Lord.

Lud. aside. Hum — A pretty Wife I am like to have — Catch me
there if you can —

Piz. Ha — How's that ?

Lud. How ! Mistress *Lucy* worth two thousand Pistoles ?

Lucy. *Ay* : And I have a very good Pay-master for one half of it too —
Do you know this hand, my Lord ? *To Pizalta.* (*shows the Bond*)

Piz. aside. Confound your jilting sneer.

Lud. Ha, ha, ha — What, a thousand Pistoles a Dish, my Lord ?
I hope you don't change often, ha — ha —

Piz. Hussy, I'll be reveng'd — 'Tis all false, 'tis counterfeit.

Lucy. Ha — ha — But it had been current Coyn, if I had suffer'd
you to put your stamp upon't — in my Bed chamber, my Lord —

L. Piz. How Mistress, have you trick'd my Husband out of a thou-
sand Pistoles, and never told me of it ?

Lucy. Nay, Madam, don't frown — Remember you have trick'd
him out of something too, which I never told him of — Don't urge
me to more Discoveries.

Lud. aside. So — Here's Trick upon Trick : But, faith, you shall
never trick me out of my Liberty. I'm not so fond of a Wife to mar-
ry a Chamber-maid, tho with ten times as much Money : And so,
sweet Mistress *Abigail*, your humble servant. *Exit Ludovico.*

L. Piz. aside. The Jade has me upon the Hip — I must be silent.
She who has her Husbands Bed abus'd,
Can ne're expect she shou'd be better us'd. *Exit.*

Lucy. Ha — What ! my Lover gone ! With all my heart : Better
now than after ; for whilst I have my Fortune in my own Hands, I
shall have no need to sue for a Separate Maintenance, and get nothing
for it neither.

Arm. to Placent. Now, Madam, go : May Heaven be propitious
To your Designs : I'll stay, and watch *Raffino* :

And when he goes, will follow with *Alonzo* :
Pla. Oh ! my sick Fancy frames a thousand Forms,
Which tell me that our meeting will prove fatal,
And warn me not to go, what shall I do ?
Must I bear calmly my *Raffino's* loss ?

Why do I tremble thus ? *F* *Sure,*

The Perjur'd Husband.

Sure, it can't be the fear of Death — No, for if
 I go not I must lose him, and that's more
 Than death to me — and if I go, I can but fall,
 And Life without him is the greater Woe,
 Therefore I'll on, I'll use the softest words
 That Tongue can frame to sooth her into Pity,
 And dissuade her from this impious Marriage.
 If I succeed I am compleatly happy,
 If not I'd rather dye than live with hate,
 But first, curst Rival, thou shalt share my Fate. *Exit Placentia.*

A flourish of Adusick.

Bass. 'Tis now the time — But whither do I go?
 Shall I a Maid, a Wife, a Friend betray?
 No matter —
 All Arguments are vain, where love bears sway. *Exit Bassino.*

A S O N G.

*When the Winds Rage, and the Seas grow high,
 They bid mankind beware,
 But when they smooth, and calm the Sky,
 'Tis then they would ensnare.*

*So the bright Thais kindness flows,
 By frowning on her Lovers,
 For Ruin only from her flows,
 When she her Charms discovers.*

Piz. Come now, Gentlemen and Ladies, be pleas'd to walk into
 the next Room, and take a small Collation — But where's my
 Lord Bassino? Come, Gentlemen, He's gone before us.

Arm. Where we will quickly follow. *aside.* Alonzo a word with
 you — *Exit Omnes.*

S C E N E II. *A Chamber in Aurelia's House.*

Two Arm. Chairs.

Aurelia Solo.

Aur. I wonder much at my Bassino's stay:
 Oh! Love! how swiftly fly thy Hours away
 When we are blest! How tedious are thy minutes
 When cruel absence parts two longing Lovers!

Enter Florella.

Is my Bassino come? speak —

Flor. No, Madam, A young stranger desires to speak with you:
 He says you are not acquainted with his Name, but will soon with
 his business, which is something of great import, that can be told to
 none but your self.

Aur. A Stranger business with me! I know of none I have with strangers — Heaven! what's this?

I feel a sudden throbbing in my Heart,

As if 'twas conscious of some fatal News —

Aside.

Womanish Fears — Admit him — (*Exit Florella*) it must be

One of *Bassino's* Friends, whom he intrusts

To be a witness of our Marriage Vows. *Enter Placentia in mans Cloath.*

Plac. Madam, I was inform'd that Count *Bassino*

Was to be here — And having things to impart

That much concern him, I made bold to come —

Aur. Sir, I expect him straight — if you're his Friend

I will account you mine — Be pleas'd to sit.

Both sit.

Plac. My Brother, Madam, is extremely happy

In being favour'd by so fair a Lady —

Aur. Your Brother, Sir! is then my Lord your Brother?

Plac. Madam he is.

Aur. Then I may call you Brother too ;

For all the Solemn Vows of Love have past

Twixt him and me — And blissful *Hymen* waits

With lighted Torch to tie the Sacred Knot,

Which shall be done this Hour —

Plac. This hour! say you? Oh! Madam, have a care:

You tread enchanted Ground, and e're you know

What Path you take, you're hurried to Destruction.

Aur. Where lies the Danger?

Plac. Oh! 'Tis a fatal Tale, yet you must hear it:

Therefore summon your Courage to your Aid,

For you will need it all, whilst I relate

The fatal story —

Aur. Ah! how I tremble!

Say, is he dead? has any murderous Villain

Kill'd my *Bassino*?

Plac. No — he is well in health: but his distemper'd mind

Is of a wild and feverish Disposition,

Longing to taste, what tasted will undo him.

Aur. Your speech is all a Riddle: Pray, speak plainer:

But yet, e're you proceed, if Count *Bassino* lives,

I care not what must follow, since he's mine.

Plac. No, he's not yours — Nor ever must.

Aur. 'Tis false — There's not a Pow'r on Earth can part us:

Perhaps

You think my Blood too base to mix with yours —

But, Sir, your Brother loves me, and in Love

All Ranks are equal —

Plac. No — I wish that were all:

But there's a greater obstacle—He—is—married—
Oh! Gods! Unfortunatly married!

Ans. Married!

Plac. Yes—Married—to my Sister;

To my unfortunate, abandon'd Sister.

Oh! do not you conspire t'undo her quite;

It is enough, she's false *Bassino's* Wife.

Ans. Gods! Married!

And is it possible! Oh! Faithless men!

Oh! Truth! Oh! Justice! Whither are you fled?

Now all my Fears and Horrors are explain'd.

Plac. I'm glad I reach'd this place in time, to hinder

Those ills that must have waited on your Marriage;

Now it is in your power, both to be happy,

And, in some measure, make my Sister so.

Both rise.

Ans. A Paradox in Nature—Bid *Aurelia*

Be happy, when you rob her of her Heaven!

Her dear *Bassino*!

Indeed your Sister may be counted happy,

If she's his Wife—H—Wife—By Heaven! 'tis false—

No, no—He has no other Wife but me—

He is not married, you bely him basely—

He cannot be so treacherous—

Plac. Madam, I swear, what're I said is truth—

Do but defer this marriage for a day,

And if I don't produce convincing Proofs,

May all the Plagues a Woman can invent

Fall on my perjurd head—

Ans. Defer our Marriage—No, by Heaven I will not—

I can't suspect him—Neither do I think

You durst maintain this story to his Face.

Plac. Madam, I dare; Nay, which is more, I'll die,

Or vindicate my injurd Sister's Honour—

Ans. Bold Arrogance!

Oh! That he were but here to answer the Affront,

Perhaps he may have wrong'd your Family!

Debauch'd your Sister; for which you would force him

To marry her?—But, I must tell Thee, Boy,

He's mine already: nor would he forsake me

To hold Command o're all the Universe.

Plac. Oh! Heaven! must I bear this!

Ans. Nay, expect more, if he should find you here,

'Tis not your being Brother to his Mistress,

That will secure you from his just Revenge.

Plac. Revenge! Nay, then away with all Disguise.

Pity, be gone — And in its room fell rage
Take place, that I may dash that haughty Insolence
That dares to treat me thus — Know, Madam,
I am his Wife — his lawful, wedded Wife.
With borrow'd Shape I came to try your Virtue,
Which I have found so light, that the least puff
Of wanton Love will blast it — Else my Visit
Had met a better welcome — Here with Sword in hand
I'll wait his coming,

Draws.

And as he enters pierce thy haughty Breast.
I know he loves Thee, and therefore 'tis brave
Revenge, to let him see thy dying Pangs :
Thy parting Sighs will rack him worse than Hell.

Aur. His Wife ! Oh ! Insolence !

In vain you waste your breath, it moves not me :
So much I love him, so much I'm belov'd,
That should an Angel from yond Heaven descend,
To tell me he's marry'd, I'd not credit him.
Kill me if you dare — He will revenge my death :
That pleasing thought gives Courage to my Soul ;
To live without him would be Death indeed !
No — he'll ne're leave me for a common thing,
For such I'm sure Thou art —

Plac. Common ! Proud wretch — by Heaven that word gives wings
To my Revenge — Vile Creature, dye —

Stabs her.

Aur. Help, — Murder, murder —

Enter Bassino.

Bass. Ha — That to thy heart — [*Kills Plac.*] Wer't thou a Demi-god
And durst attempt this Shride, thus shouldst thou fall —

Plac. falling. Oh ! *Bassino* ! Oh !

Aur. Oh ! hold, my Lord, what has your rashness done ?
I only should have dy'd — I'll not upbraid
Your Treachery — No, 'tis the hand of heaven
That guides the stroke that takes my guilty Life,
For being Faithless to *Alonso*.

Bass. Talk not of Death, my fair, my Dear *Aurelia*.
That very Sound does harrow up my Soul.
But who art thou whose sacrilegious hand
Durst to profane the Temple of my Love ?

Plac. I am your Wife — Your loving Wife *Placentia*.
Oh ! Pardon this rash Deed ; blame jealous Love —
And grace me with a sigh, that I may die contented.

Bass. My VVife ! And Kill'd by me !
Under what load of Miseries I stand !
Oh ! horror ! horror ! Infinite of Guilt !
Hut now your vengeful Bolts, Almighty Powers,
On my devoted Head !

Oh ?

Oh! I have wrong'd you both : Deceiv'd you basely :
Thus prostrate on the Ground, let me beg Pardon ;
I do not ask it with Design to live.

*Throws himself
on the ground.*

Aur. Oh! Dear *Bassino*, live :
And try to save her, for she's innocent :
We only are in fault ———

I urg'd my wretched Fate with impious Language,
For which I beg forgiveness : Generous Lady,
Let not my Soul depart with Guilt oppress'd.

Plac. As I forgive you, so may Heaven me .

Bass. Oh! *Placentia*! oh! my Wife!

Aur. One thing more and I'm happy ———

Were but *Alonzo* here, that I might ask
Forgiveness for my Falshood ! But, alas!
My Spirits faint within my frozen Veins,
And every Thing seems double to my sight :
Oh! How I dread th'uncertain future State !

Bass. Unhappy Maid ! Oh! my once dear *Aurelia* !

Curst, Curst *Bassino* ! Oh! my Wife! How dare
I stand the View of both these injur'd Women !
Oh! Heaven! Why name I Heaven! Heaven will not hear
A wretch like me—No, even Hell wants Torment
Proportion'd to my Guilt——Oh! my *Placentia*! oh!

Plac. Oh! My dear Lord, I cannot see you thus :

Live, live, my Lord; be happy when I'm dead.

Nay, for your sake, I with *Aurelia* too

May live to make you happy——

Bass. Oh! hold!

Heap not more Curses on me by your kindness :

I wish that she might live, but not for me,

Only to clear me from her guilty blood——

Oh! *Placentia*!

Plac. Rise, my Lord, rise : Do not indulge your Woe,
Your Sighs atone for all, and make e'en Death a Pleasure—
I see him coming, he will soon be here——

Bass. No, I will never rise : ne're see the Day.

The Sun would blush to shine on such an impious wretch.
Here let me lye, and tear with these curst hands *Tears the ground in a dis-*
A passage thro' the Earth, and hide my Face for ever. *fracted manner.*

Alon. within. Where, where's this Villain? Where's *Bassino*?

Aur. 'Tis *Alonzo's* Voice.

Oh! fly, my Lord, fly from his just Revenge.

Enter Alonzo hastily.

Bass. Fly——

Where shall I fly from Justice? No, Heaven is kind
In sending him to help my Journey forward.

Alon. Where's *Bassino*.

Bass.

The Perjur'd Husband.

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Bass. rising. Here, Sir, I stand.

Alon. Then there stands a Villain — Ha — what
Do I see! — *Aurelia* murder'd!

Oh! treacherous Maid, thy Love hast cost thee dear.
Think on thy broken Vows, and call to Heaven for Mercy.
Thy death I will revenge, because I lov'd thee once.

Aw. Oh! *Alonso*, pardon me.

Alon. to *Bassino*. Now Villain, now what story, what pretence
Canst thou invent to avoid my just Revenge?

Oh! That I ne're had listned to thy Tongue!
Thy base, perfidious Tongue! Then all these Murders
Had been prevented, and thou curst in Hell —
Thou Monstrous Fiend —

Bass. You talk too much — Let's see what you can do:

Thus I return your Villain —

Alon. Take thy reward.

They fight, Bassino falls.

Enter Armando.

Arm. Hold! hold: Oh! Gods! I'm come too late.
What has my fatal Friendship done!

Ha — *Placentia* too — curst Letter!

Bass. My Friend *Armando*! Oh! I blush to see thee:
But let me have your Pardon — now I need it.

Arm. Oh! first pardon me —

For I have been the cause of all this mischief.
Whilest my officious Friendship strives to save you,
I bring you all to this unhappy end.
Say, can you pardon me?

Bass. I do —

And oh! my Friend! had Virtue been my Guide,
As it was thine, I still were truly happy.

Aw. Where am I?

Why do I hover thus 'twixt Rest and Misery?

Oh! good *Alonso*, say you pardon me,
And let me die in Peace, else full of Horror
My Guilty Soul must wander in the Shades
Of gloomy night, and never, never rest.

Alon. Thou hast my Pardon, and with it this Promise
Never to love again —

Aw. Oh! you're — too — kind — And I want —
Breath to thank — you — Farewel. *Dies.*

Bass. Oh! *Placentia*!

Embraces her.

Thus in thy Arms my Thread of Life shall break.

Plac. My Lord, my Husband, Oh! come nearer yet,
That I may take a parting kiss, to smooth

My

My Passage to the Realms of endless night. *Kisses him.*
 So—Now—I dye—much happier than I lived. *Dies.*
 Farewel ———

Boss. Farewel, Fair Excellence! Thou best of Wives!

But I shall quickly follow——Yet before I go,

I beg, *Alonso*, let my Death atone

For all the Injuries my Life has done you.

Oh! spare my Memory, when I'm no more.

Alon. By Heaven!

I see such Vertue struggling in thy Breast,

As makes me wish I could prevent the Flight

Of thy departing Soul——

Boss. No, no—I would not live:

Hadst thou not come, my Hand had set me free.

But now I fell more nobly, and less guilty.

My Friend, my Dear *Armando*,

Haste to inform my Prince *Bassino* rests:

But hide, if possible, my shame: And let

One Grave hold both this wretched Corps and mine.

Oh! my *Placencia*——

Dies.

Alon. Unhappy Pair! But far more wretched me!

For I must live, and live without *Aurelia*!

Tho I'm convinc'd she lov'd me not, I can't

Banish her Image from my Love-sick mind.

Oh! that I ne'er had seen the Charming Fair!

Arm. The Gods are just in all their Punishments

And by this single Act, we plainly see

That Vengeance always treads on Perjury.

And tho sometimes no Bolt is at us hurl'd,

Whilst we enjoy the Pleasures of this World;

Yet a day waits, a Day of general Doom,

When guilty Souls must to an Audit come;

Then that we may not tremble, blush or fear,

Let our Desires be just: our Lives unsullied here.

Exeunt Officers.

